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THETA.

OCTOBER, 1891.

D I R E C T O R Y .

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S E C R E T A R Y O F G R A N D C O U N C I L .

At U P S I L O N ,.....Miss Minnie Rexford, University of Minnesota.

T R E A S U R E R O F G R A N D C O U N C I L .

At E P S I L O N ,.....Miss Luella M. Wallace, Wooster University.

E D I T I N G C H A P T E R .

L A M B D A ,.....University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.

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Berkeley, Cal.

We will ask each Chapter to send to the Editor, Miss M. P. Skinner, the list of members in it whose names are not in the catalogue as it stands. We will put the date at which we would like the list at Dec. 1st, that it may include the new members who will be admitted this year.

OCTOBER, 1891.

THE
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THE KAPPA ALPHA THETA.

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VOL. VI.

OCTOBER, 1891.

NO. 1.

THE COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

It is clear that ours is an age in which "social need exists." The fact of its existence is impressed upon us at every turn; the consciousness of it is seen in our philosophy as well as in our fiction. Look at it in what way we will, we must admit that something is wrong in our social order. Carlyle says, "The achievement of reform is not doubtful, only the method and costs." The subject before us is immediately practical and has a real as well as theoretical, a personal as well as general significance for each of us apart from our ideals of the future. It is enough to know that such need exists for us to immediately ask ourselves, "What is the relation which we, as college men and women, should bear to that need?" This question has been answered in part by the College Settlement of Rivington St., N. Y.

During the years 1885-6, Miss Clara French, a young lady who was for a time a student in the University of Vermont and who afterwards graduated at Wellesley, while studying in England, conceived the idea of establishing a settlement in one of our large cities on the plan of Toynbee Hall, London. After her return to this country, she talked the matter over with some of her college friends and plans were made to start such an enterprise in Boston, but Miss French died before anything definite had been accomplished.

About two years ago these friends decided to carry her plans into effect, and, as there was a good opening in New York, while the way seemed hedged up in Boston, the College Settlement was established at 95 Rivington St., in the former city. "There are one hundred and ten acres in this, the eighth assembly district of New York, and forty-eight thousand people. It is more densely populated than the densest quarter of London. Its people are for the most part of foreign birth, German and Irish, and of late years Jewish refugees.

There are no parks and gardens, not even an open square, and but four chapels. Several synagogues are maintained by the people, but no Christian church. There are, however, three hundred and fifty saloons."

In such soil has the College Settlement been planted to work out the problem of the effect of personal contact on the lives of the poor and degraded. This colony is founded on the belief in the power of friendship to shape character. The time is past when elaborate organizations worked from a distance are expected to save the world; we must live more nearly as Christ lived if we would reap any reward from our labor.

The work is carried on in an old family residence which was elegant in its day. "On the basement floor are the doctor's office, a large sunny kitchen and two bath rooms. The first floor is occupied by reception and dining rooms. These open into each other by sliding doors and so afford ample facility for parlor talks and other entertainments. On the two upper floors are private rooms for each of the residents. A large, well lighted garret of untried possibilities completes the establishment." The house accommodates seven residents besides a housekeeper and a little maid from the neighborhood who is trained in housework. The residents pay for their board and also do some part of the work, that they may seem to the people among whom they live naught but simple working-women not far removed from themselves.

They have demonstrated the fact that the best way to get acquainted is through clubs whose aim is to give practical instruction and wholesome amusement and to enlarge the range of interest. Four girls' clubs are in operation. The little ones have kitchen garden work; the girls are taught cooking, sewing and dressmaking; and the older girls listen to talks upon historical and scientific subjects, as well as upon Hygiene and Dress. Instruction in gymnastics is given to all and singing is very popular. The afternoon or evening generally closes with games or amusement of some sort. It was not the original intention to form any clubs for boys, but the demand of the boys themselves was too urgent to be resisted. This branch of the work is proving very satisfactory and the boys' clubs which are four in number are enthusiastic ones. The great principles of chivalry and truth are inculcated, questions are given them to be looked up and reported upon at the next meeting and they are also taught singing and gymnastics. These clubs meet twice a week and are intended to be self-governing, though they are encouraged to come to the residents for advice in trying emergencies. On Sunday afternoon the Good Seed Society is held. The object of this is to appeal to the spiritual nature of the children and

through them plant in many of their desolate homes the seeds of hope, of love and of righteous purpose. The latter part of the afternoon is devoted to an informal singing service where all come and go as they like. The house is open on one afternoon and evening to members of the clubs and to other friends and neighbors. Books from the library, which numbers over one thousand volumes, are given out and bank deposits are received.

In the summer there are weekly excursions to Staten Island for the especial benefit of sick and tired women. Manhattan beach and other places where the pure air gives a suggestion of strength are also visited for the same purpose. Through the kindness of a friend a house has been obtained at Sea Isle City, N. J., where club members may spend two weeks at a moderate expense.

The question is often asked, "In what sense does the College Settlement rest upon a religious basis?" From the beginning it has been the plan to have the work such that people of different faiths might labor together harmoniously, and, indeed, as the settlement is situated in the midst of a population of Catholics and Jews, any definite religious work in the house would destroy much of the influence gained. Everyone, however, is at liberty to labor according to her convictions and many take an active part in the neighboring churches and Sunday schools.

Hitherto the work has been carried on by Wellesley, Smith, Vassar and Bryn Mawr, but it now looks for support to the college girls of all our higher institutions of learning, that not only this particular settlement be maintained, but that others may be established and so the work broadened. Surely the labor will not be in vain if only one, here and there, be permanently lifted up and led to higher, better ideals by the example of true noble womanhood placed before them.

M. HELEN BOSWORTH.

SONNET.

If I could show thee what thou art to me,
 Could let thee see my heart, its depth of love,
 Its every aspiration turned above
 To where there is that fair ideal of thee,—
 If by this I could ever hope to be
 More precious in thy sight, sweetheart, I know
 That I should rather choose alway to go
 Upon my path alone, than stoop to see
 My love crave something in return. For when
 Love wears upon his brow the crown that makes
 Him perfect above all, he surely takes
 No thought for self. His sway o'er gods and men
 Depends upon his self sufficiency,—
 As in the perfect love which I bear thee.

LALLA HARRIS, '92.
Omega.

THE LORD OF THE MOSQUITOES.

I.—EMPIDANAX'S FORTUNE.

As Empidanax tramped up the hill with his heavy pail of water, he decided that a house whose well was twenty rods off, down hill, was not fit for white people to live in. And when he tripped and spilt half his water, he considered it a characteristic culmination of his luck.

Just then he saw a fairy in the grass. His water had spilled all over her and washed the fern-seed off her head, making her visible to mortal eyes. As he stooped to pick her up she gave a little scream and started to run—her wings were too wet to fly. In spite of Empidanax's long strides she seemed likely to get away, till her foot caught in a cobweb and Empidanax picked her up, all of a tremble.

Now all this was quite unjustifiable in Empidanax. He ought, when he first saw her, to have looked the other way and given her a chance to escape, without taking advantage of her misfortune. Fairies have rights and he knew it. On the other hand, she need not have been so frightened. She was not being hurt and did not expect to be. But it is the greatest possible breach of fairy decorum to appear before a mortal with the fern-seed off; in fact, it is a point of such high decorum that they, (being unphilosophical) classify it with morals. So the poor creature felt as if she were involuntarily committing a great sin with unimaginable consequences.

But Empidanax, being of a stubborn nature, opined that as he was doing her no real harm, these prejudices were nonsense. So he held her in his hand and asked what she would give to be let go.

"I'll—oh—I'll give you three wishes," were the words she could hardly find voice to utter.

"Well," said Empidanax, and began to think. He could not frame a wish comprehensive enough. "I wish I were a smarter man," he muttered.

"Let me go," said the fairy again. "I'll stay here in sight till you are through wishing."

He opened his hand and went on thinking. "I wish I knew what to wish for!" said he again. Suddenly a great thought entered his mind and he spoke:

"I wish that every mosquito that comes within twenty miles of me may be subject to my orders!"

"Be it so," replied the fairy, and swinging a handful of fern-seed over her head, she vanished from sight.

"Hold on! that's only one!" cried Empidanax.

"You've had three," replied the invisible fairy's voice.

"It's a lie! 'You're a fraud!' he shouted again.

"A fairy never breaks a promise," answered the voice. "But if you think I miscounted, take one for good measure."

"Well," said Empidanax moodily, "I'll take what I can get—but I wish I knew how you pretend to make three!"

And suddenly he saw through it all, and grew furious as he heard the departing fairy's laugh. "And only one of them all was good for anything!" groaned he. Which shows how people value smartness.

He picked up his pail and started down toward the well again. Just then a mosquito bit him on the back of the neck. This was the last straw. "Humbug, like all the rest!" he cried. "If I ever catch a fairy again, I'll—" For he did not reflect that the mosquito had disobeyed no order. So all that summer he believed himself cheated and never tried to use the power the fairy had promised.

II.—EMPIDANAX'S COURTSHIP.

But it happened one evening in the following June that he was walking in a shady lane with a maiden by his side. Not far off walked another, the maiden's cousin. Two are company, three are a crowd. Around their head the mosquitoes sang that song which drives all others from the mind.

"Bother the mosquitoes!" said Empidanax, as he slapped at three which had lighted on his cheek. "Do leave us, and go and bite *her*!" he added under his breath, pointing to the cousin as she walked ahead.

Almost in an instant he heard a cry of dismay from her as she turned and came toward them. They asked what was the matter; she answered that she had run into the thickest swarm of mosquitoes that she ever saw. Even while she spoke it grew worse and worse till she could bear it no longer—she did not see how Empidanax and her cousin could; she at least was going into the house. As she went, the inexorable swarm pursued, forcing her to quicken her steps till at last, by running at the top of her speed, she left them all behind. No, not all; many had settled on her dress and were thus carried with her into the house, past the trusty screen door. When she sank into a chair, out of breath, they rose and assailed her again. And she, in despair, ceased to resist.

Meanwhile Empidanax and the maiden walked alone and unmolested in the shady lane. There they plighted their faith while the mosquitoes hummed the betrothal hymn. Then Empidanax told her of the fairy's gift and why her cousin had fled; she told him how he might use that gift to gain wealth and power.

III.—THE CITY OF EMPIDANACTEA.

In the next issues of all the papers for twenty miles around ap-

peared advertisements setting forth Empidanax's willingness to assure to any one absolute immunity from the attacks of mosquitoes on receipt of a certain percent of that person's income. It was further promised, as evidence of his power to do this, that no person within that district should be bitten by a mosquito during the coming week. As the week passed by and people saw the promise fulfilled, incredulity gave place to amazement; and at the close of the week the road before his house was blocked by people hurrying to accept his offer. For some the terms were not in money. One man, the richest in the country, must give up his sumptuous house to Empidanax and his bride. Others, many of them of rich and noble families, must come and be his servants. But whatever price he asked, no one refused him; they were eager rather to do more than he said, that he might not be dissatisfied. And people from a great distance, when they heard of it, came to pay their tribute and live within the charmed circle. It became a vast city.

So Empidanax lived in luxury and his word was law to those who came near him. Yet he was a subject, and this galled his haughty soul. The king's officers proclaimed laws in the city of Empidanactea, and the king's tax-gatherers came to the proud mosquitocrat's own door to demand tribute. Empidanax resolved to be independent. He issued a decree that no one in Empidanactea should thenceforth obey the king's officers or pay the king's taxes. There was no opposition; the people's allegiance was transferred at once to Empidanax's new government.

The king, of course, gathered an army to chastise the rebel. When the Empidanacteans heard of it they gathered before their prince's doors to offer him their services. Even the women and children would fight to the death sooner than lose Empidanax. He thanked them, but said they need not take the field.

IV.—EMPIDANAX'S GREATNESS.

The king's army drew nearer every day, and at last encamped in Empidanax's territory. That night the sentries saw what seemed like a cloud hovering over the sleeping camp and sinking down upon it. Suddenly the sleepers began to wake, and the camp was filled with uproar. In fifteen minutes the whole army was in flight. They left their arms, their provisions, everything that could hinder them. They wrapped their faces in cloths for protection and rushed on blindly, jostling each other, falling into ditches, increasing their panic every moment. Empidanax, with a small body-guard of chosen troops, followed and watched the rout.

He was a merciful conqueror. In the morning he ordered those whose blood was so drained that they could not care for themselves,

to be taken into hospitals, while he summoned the rest to enlist under his flag. Then he marched straight for the capital, calling on every able-bodied man and mosquito along the line of march to join him. The numbers of his army grew past computation. Their march was relieved by the cloud of mosquitoes which sheltered them from the noonday sun. Wagons were provided on which the mosquitoes, when tired, might light and be carried; and so great was their number that extra horses had to be harnessed to these wagons. With this army Empidanax entered the capital without opposition and proclaimed himself king.

He at once began making a series of journeys through his kingdom, along routes thirty-nine miles apart, till he had thus brought all the mosquitoes of the country under his control. Then he gave orders that none of them should bite any peaceful and well behaved person; but that they should keep strict watch for any who might conspire against the government, or who might undertake to rob, murder, etc., and direct their bitterest persecutions against such. The result was such a golden age as had never before been known. Crime and disorder absolutely ceased. Since the laborers' strength was no longer sapped by blood-sucking insects, the production of wealth became so great that the very poorest were dressed in silk and broadcloth, while the rich stopped keeping accounts for no reason whatever but the laboriousness of writing and reading the long rows of figures which represented their incomes. And all blessed the name of Empidanax.

V.—EMPIDANAX'S DEATH.

But the winter drew near when mosquitoes must die. Then Empidanax ordered a palace to be built in haste, with great glass-roofed gardens containing many pools of standing water, and all things such as mosquitoes love. He appointed the ablest men of science in the kingdom to superintend the hatching of the eggs and the stocking of these vast hot-houses with mosquitoes. Here he shut himself up to pass the winter.

The frosts came, and with them came anarchy. The police had been disbanded in the summer, and there was now no power to maintain order. Empidanax paid no attention to affairs outside his palace. The citizens organized vigilance committees, and waited as patiently as they could for spring.

With the return of spring a great festival was proclaimed to celebrate the king's reappearance in public. On the appointed day, though rain-clouds were gathering, the people assembled in a vast throng before the palace, waiting to see the king. As he came forth and stood before them the mosquitoes gathered in a thick column

above his head, reaching up as far as the eye could trace it. Such state had never been seen before.

Suddenly from the black cloud overhead came a flash of lightning. The column of moist air full of mosquitoes attracted it, and right on Empidanax's head the thunderbolt descended. He fell dead; and while cries of grief and terror were heard on all sides, the bodies of the lightning-blasted mosquitoes began to fall around him like brown snow. Faster and faster they came, till they had buried Empidanax under a huge mound. It remains to this day, a sad memorial of the Mosquito King.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF DESCARTES.

The beginning of the seventeenth century marked a transition in the history of Philosophy and the systems of human thought. The authority of the Aristotelian school had visibly declined, and Scholastic Philosophy, though still exercised in the theological field, was fast falling to decay. Some one was needed to remove the rubbish and build again on a new foundation.

Outside the realm of Philosophy, improvement had already begun:—Protestantism had won for itself name and recognition; the arts of printing and navigation had been displaying their marvelous results for half a century before light began to dawn on the dark world of thought. Two names are associated with the beginning of this reform,—Bacon and Descartes. These were the two men who, at that important crisis, came forward to evolve order out of chaos, and to open new channels in which men's thoughts should run for ages to come.

Both sought to investigate the true source of human knowledge. The Englishman appealed to nature, the facts of the outer world, while the French philosopher, with his penetrative insight and keen understanding, dealt with the inner world of thought.

It is with Descartes, the scholar, the soldier, the scientist, and above all, the metaphysician, that we are concerned.

He was a descendant of a noble though not distinguished family of Touraine, and while but a boy won the title of "Little Philosopher" on account of his thoughtful ways. He did thoroughly *whatever* he undertook, and fitted himself for the future in the schoolroom, camp and battlefield, by books, social amusements, and finally, by seclusion. In his extensive reading he discovered in the existing systems of philosophy, conflicts and uncertainty, and for relief plunged into the study of mathematics. Had he devoted himself to this or to physics he might have won distinction in either, for his contributions to both sciences were many and varied. But these branches, with the limitations which then existed, were too narrow to satisfy a mind bold in its search and varied in its attainments; and with renewed zeal he returned to the study of philosophy.

Having taken as a fundamental rule to consider nothing as true which he did not know to be true, Descartes was obliged to take as the starting point of his system, doubt itself,—doubt of his own existence, of God, of the world, mind, matter and experience. Thus, nothing appears to be left but doubt. We may doubt even that we see or hear, sleep or wake, but not the *fact* that we doubt. Hence

the foundation of his system in self-consciousness. To doubt is to think; thinking implies a person to think. From this follows his famous syllogism, "I think, therefore I am." The proof of his own existence was the anchor to which was fastened the chain of his Philosophy, and succeeding links of the chain reach up to a First Cause and prove the existence of a God, upon whose veracity the rest of the whole system depends.

In direct line with Descartes' reasoning is the expression of a German philosopher who lived a century later: "Philosophy can bake no bread, but she can procure for us God, freedom and immortality."

It is worthy of notice that Descartes, by numerous interesting proofs, helped Philosophy to establish the existence of her God as creator and father of the human race. The simplest proof is from his own existence. Having demonstrated from self-consciousness the existence of a thinking substance, the ego, the question arises, "Whence came I?" If I had found myself I should have given myself fewer imperfections and ungratified desires. Hence my being must be attributed to another. Moreover, among my thoughts is the idea of a being, perfect and infinite,—an idea necessarily involved in the consciousness of imperfection and limitation. I cannot have originated that notion, for it involves a higher degree of reality than I possess. Hence that being himself must have stamped it on my mind. Thus, from the *idea* of a God, his *existence* necessarily follows.

With such reasoning Descartes proved, to his own satisfaction at least, the existence of a God. He criticised the opinion of the majority of men, who, as he said, "do not think of Him as infinite and incomprehensible; they go no farther than the letters of his name." Descartes' conception was a lofty one. To him God was "a substance, infinite, eternal, immutable, independent, all-knowing, all-powerful, by whom all things that exist were created and produced."

The doubt with which he necessarily began is now removed. All certainty flows from God, for being a God of truth he cannot wish to deceive. Hence the errors to which man is liable must come from his reliance on his imperfect senses; and realizing this, Descartes formed his theory of cognition. He considered nothing as true which he had not thought out for himself, but whatever he conceived clearly and distinctly was true for him.

While regarding God as the true substance which requires for its existence the existence of nothing else, Descartes makes mind and matter substances in the less restricted sense of the term. As Schwegeler has expressed it, "The attribute of mind is thought, and the substance to which thought directly appertains is spirit. Ex-

tension is the essence of matter and its immediate substrate is body."

Perhaps one of the most important features of Descartes' Philosophy is his conception of the difference between thought and extension, spirit and body. As the two are essentially distinct, their union can be only mechanical. Hence, to him, the human body was a mere machine, self-moving because of a soul infused by the creator.

But though mind and matter are thus mutually independent, there must be some meeting point where thought can find and direct extension. He locates such a point in a small single gland in the inmost part of the brain.

After having thus briefly viewed the system, the question arises, "What, after all, did Descartes do to merit the proud title accorded him, 'Father of Modern Speculative Philosophy?'"

He added nothing in the way of solution to the great problems of metaphysics, for notwithstanding the application of his powerful intellect, his conclusions were not materially different from those of his predecessors. But if not for what he added, he deserves great praise for what he removed from the existing forms of thought. He taught the utter folly of upholding many of the principles laid down as important, and entirely removed presupposition. Another merit lies in the recognition of personal existence and self-consciousness as the true starting point for Philosophy, as well as making prominent the antithesis of matter and thought.

The defects in his system, however, are as manifest as its merits. After having in thought put everything out of existence and established the certainty of doubt, he still finds two substances, mind and matter, remaining as a residue.

But the most glaring fault is that of proving the being of God from the veracity of our faculties and then appealing to God to establish that veracity.

There is a wide difference between the first and last words Descartes uttered in the department of Philosophy, his starting point being from the analysis of human consciousness, and his completed system as further developed by Malebranche and Spinoza giving the germ of absolute idealism, while another division leads as plainly to materialism.

The effect produced on the world by the thoughts and writings of Descartes is wonderful. Universities were torn with controversies about the doctrines, and it would not be too much to say that to his two most famous works may be traced the origin of both Scotch and German Philosophy. We feel the influence even at the present day, and involuntarily echo the words of his countryman:

"Time has destroyed the opinions of Descartes, but his glory remains. He is like those kings dethroned, who, among the ruins even of their empire, seem born to rule the world."

HORACE.

ODE V.

What dainty youth, amid the flowers
 That cover all your pleasant bowers,
 Beguiles with you the twilight hours,
 O Pyrrha, with the golden hair?
 To whom are you fond words addressing?
 What youth, who, mad with soft caressing,
 Is doubtless never even guessing
 That you're as false as you are fair!

But when, alas, you shall deceive him,
 And all propitious gods shall leave him,
 And blackening seas of doubt receive him
 Who now believes you are his own—
 His heart shall evermore be burning
 With longing and with ceaseless yearning,
 The while his wearied soul is learning
 Life's saddest lesson, all alone.

To Neptune, who has saved my sinking
 In waters from which now I'm shrinking,
 I consecrate my future, thinking
 My passion's storm forever past.
 Oh, nevermore shall low desire
 With flaming wings, my heart set fire;
 To higher aims shall now aspire
 My heart—my soul—my life, at last.

ODE XXIV.

(*To Virgil, on the death of a friend.*)

What seeming boundary or shame
 Should sorrowing have, for one so dear?
 O mournful muse, be ever near
 With weeping harp, to sing his name!

Does everlasting Sleep then hold
 Him resting sweetly on her breast,
 Whom Modesty and Truth loved best,
 And Justice with her peers enrolled?

Alas! my Virgil, 'tis in vain
 To seek him from the gods above;
 Beseeching prayers nor pleading love
 Can ever bring him back again,

Though you should strike the Thracian lyre
 With Orpheus' wondrous power divine,
 Till listening stars forgot to shine,
 And with thy music worlds inspire—

Yet never to the empty shade
 Can earthly life again return.
 Fate's changeless laws, so fixed and stern,
 Cannot, by mortal hand, be stayed.

Let Patience be with all who weep,
 And Faith direct their gaze on high,
 Where worlds roll on—and ask not why—
 And Peace looks down on them that sleep.

VIRGINIA.

LYING AS A FINE ART.

A certain Boston-bred clergyman, of liberal views and gifted with a remarkable insight into first causes, expresses the opinion that much of the weariness and monotony in the lives of many people is due to their lack of appreciation of the virtue of artistic lying. It must be admitted that among many, even those most advanced in mental and moral culture, there exists an uncalled-for reverence for invariable exactness of statement. The imagination of these persons is altogether of the mathematical variety, and they never think of neglecting the square on the hypothenuse for the unprofitable and dangerous contemplation of the (combinations of the) line of beauty. To them the idea of considering prevarication as a fine art in its requirements and possibilities would be as alarming as novel. Never having thought of any other course than absolute conformity to reality in narration, they are without the rewards which come from following even a mistaken sense of duty; while they never know anything of the intellectual quickening and general exhilaration that attend the pursuit of the art of brilliant lying.

What are the claims of truth by virtue of which it should limit expression and restrain the exercise of the human intellect? Truth is indeed the goal of the noblest striving of the soul. It is also indispensable in much of human intercourse and is especially desirable in business relations. But this is no warrant for the superstitious regard which so many unthinking persons entertain for bare and unattractive fact. If we analyze their worship of empty reality we shall often find it founded, not on moral principle or practical utility, for these have nothing to do with many facts, but often only on hazy sentiment, and more often on their distaste for mental exertion.

There are, then, facts which are of no value as such, and which are entitled to consideration only when they serve as the background for the creations of the devoted and artistic liar.

How is lying to be considered as a fine art; or, in other words, what is an artistic lie? In general, it may be said that an untruth is a work of art when its chief motive and highest recompense are found in itself. It appeals to us by its unselfish nobility of purpose, its fascinating beauty, its finished symmetry, its majestic proportions. It is superior to criticism and is above comment; its divergence from possibility is its only criterion. As a work of art, having its reward in itself, it is not to be confounded with certain other and common forms of untruth. The person who stoops to falsehood for the sake of utility or personal advantage has nothing to

do with art, he is simply a foolish gambler besides being liable to the reproach of immorality, which lying as an art is not. Those who lie for the sake of giving pleasure to others by flattery or other means of making fashionable society palatable may claim philanthropy, but even these persons are seldom kind in a long run. How different and how ignoble do all these seem in comparison with the lofty soul that lies simply and solely for the sake of lying and who seeks his reward in the beauty of his creations. The wilderness blossoms at his glance and the barren brings forth fruit at his touch; joy and sunshine attend his path and he is everywhere as welcome and refreshing as the breath of spring. To the cultured and fascinating liar fame and wealth are freely given, for all these things are added unto him who seeks first the art of lying and its innocence.

It has been argued that continued prevarication tends to injure the memory and weaken the other powers of the mind. This is far from being the case with artistic mendacity. There is nothing that so severely taxes and trains the memory as the demands of skillful and successful lying. The able divine to whom reference has been made does not fail to exemplify his precepts, and the study and practice of artistic lying have resulted in a ready and tenacious memory almost unfailing in his service, and have produced a charming and brilliant conversationalist with a rich fund of anecdote strikingly fitted to point the moral and adorn the tale; combined with rare powers of logical reasoning, discriminating clearly and swiftly between truth and error in creed, and making him irresistible in argument. By the same means the wit is sharpened, ideals are elevated and love for the first time finds full expression, while hardly any other exercise of the human faculties affords such innocent and deep delight to all concerned.

All honor, then, to the man who has the courage to reject the superstition of fact and the genius to create a fabrication so dazzling in its beauty, so colossal in its design, so astonishing in its audacity as to inspire new charm and happiness in the life which before seemed so dull and thankless, and to tinge with purple the gray and dusty robes of the soul that is groping along the highway of life with its burden of petrified facts. Then let us heartily applaud when upon the weather-beaten brow of the fearless and enthusiastic liar is placed the laurel wreath which belongs to the true follower of Art.

VERITAS.

MY WASHERWOMAN.

I live at the upper end of the street,
 Where the ground is clean and the air is sweet,
 But all I can see is a patch of sky,
 And lawns and painted walls hard by.
 My washerwoman lives at the end,
 Where street and people downward tend;
 Where the air is full of sickly smells,
 And unkempt, squabbling children's yells;
 But, all day long, in her dingy room,
 She can look where earth's first mountains loom,
 Beyond the broad and living lake,
 Whose deep the sunset splendors take.
 She looks, but ah! she cannot see,
 So blinding is her poverty.
 On pain and hunger, heat and frost,
 The pomp of earth and sky is lost,
 And I that haste the foul street through,
 Envyng her its wealth of view,
 I know that if some ill desert
 Should doom me to its noise and dirt,
 The change would bring me loss, not gain,
 Though hourly through my narrow pane,
 I saw those primal mountains rise
 As proudly peerless to the skies,
 As when adown their slopes of old,
 The parted waters wallowing rolled.

HARRY LYMAN KOOPMAN.

WHAT THEY THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

It was the opening of the winter term and Clyde and Penelope were back in their old room sitting comfortably in the evening by the red glow of their base burner.

Vacation notes had been gone over. The boys of the class had been amiably discussed; and after everything else had been canvassed, Clyde's mind reverted to the subject of books and recitations.

"I suppose you mean to study like everything this term, Pen,—as you led last term."

"No, I don't; I don't mean to study much."

"Why not!" was the astonished exclamation.

"What's the use—of studying very hard—I mean on our recitations? Suppose we should be models of accuracy in the class room—know what we had studied ever so well—at the end of four years, Clyde, we wouldn't be educated; no, nor anything like it. We would be narrow minded beings with hardly a broad look at anything. As a matter of fact nobody does just that, though some come pretty near it. Look at Quimby—he leads the senior class, and he has led his class since he entered college. He is a dig; he works hard; and he doesn't know anything, I do believe, outside of the books he has studied in college. He knows nothing of history in a general way, nor in any of its delightful, racy little details. He knows nothing of biography in the loving, sociable fashion we

should know some of those old fellows who did a little for their kind. He knows nothing of novels, and thinks it a waste of time to look at the current magazines: well, I don't know what he does know anything about, I'm sure. I have tried him on every subject I thought could possibly interest him, and he can't talk about a thing except the professors and his every day routine. He isn't altogether to blame, for he has had to work to put himself through, and hasn't had the time some of us have. But he has made a tremendous mistake, and he will find it out once he is through college."

"What do you mean to do about it?"

"I? I mean to read. To read a great deal—to become well informed—to have a well stored mind. Behold me! Our work isn't much. We are meant to have time to discover what we don't know."

Clyde laughed. Penelope was a great talker, and it always was funny to start her on a subject; her bright expression, pretty mouth and dimples, and curly hair always seemed so surprised at what she was saying.

Penelope had rather more method in her reading schemes than Clyde at first gave her credit for. She prepared her three recitations a day with admirable exactitude, always keeping ahead of the class in one study, "in case of an emergency," as she vaguely explained.

Some of her reading was what she called college reading; that she did over in the library; but the bulk of her reading was just what she chose: she varied like the wind; one week it was the most modern of the modern, the next week she had found some old thing no one had ever taken out of the library before. Now it was some scientific disquisition she could not possibly understand, next the discourse of some old sermonizer. Today an old play, long extolled in extravagant terms, but declared by her with righteous wrath to be simply indecent; tomorrow a metaphysical treatise.

The girls had long before arranged to take half an hour or an hour before bedtime for talking over any new fact their minds had been able to grasp during the day.

Clyde in her practical way had said "If we only can learn one new thing every day—just one—so that we really know it and can keep it, in a year we shall have acquired something worth while."

In their talks Clyde would hear a great deal that Penelope had read, and she claimed that she reaped as much benefit from Penelope's reading as Penelope herself.

But she had been meaning for a long time to ask Penelope a question and one evening she actually did it.

"Pen, why do you read in such a desultory way? One thing one

time and something so foreign to it the next. Don't you remember last year how you took certain years, say the time of the Restoration in England; and read about that in its political aspects; read about each one of the men of note at that time in England; then took the same years in France and read about them the same way—then in Germany, and Italy, and Spain, until you really had a view of the state of the civilized world at that period—a complete, correct picturesque view?"

"Yes, that was a good way, too, as the man said about killing flies by catching them and drowning them. I mean to do that again. But Clyde, I am feeling around now. I am finding out about things. I want to know what books there are in the world, and it is so pleasant I must remember a great deal."

"But suppose it isn't worth remembering. Suppose it is just something read for the pleasure of investigating the contents of certain book covers; and after you have found out it isn't worth remembering and that you have lost your time, and perhaps shadowed your mind with something which you will never have any use for, or which is erroneous in itself, what can you do about it? Now what is the use, Pen, in your having read Congreve or Wycherly or Farquar, just because somebody says they are so wonderful and so witty? They are low minded things, those plays are, and whatever some high flown spirit may say about 'to the pure all things are pure,' I *know* that the purer and truer one's mind is, the more it will revolt against some of these plays, or writings like them."

"I think so myself," said Penelope thoughtfully, "but all the same I would not have known what I thought if I had not read a play of each. And it is this consciousness of growing, of becoming able to form judgments because you think they are true judgments, no matter what other people think, that is so invigorating. I like it."

"I can't help thinking," said Clyde stubbornly, "that though you may feel a sort of intoxication from this heterogeneous, aimless, happen-as-it-may reading, you will lose more in the end by it—that you will weaken fixity of purpose, lose the idea of the necessity of an aim, become a sort of mental wanderer."

"I have thought of that," was the reply. "I don't want to carry it too far. Perhaps I shall sow my wild oats reading," with a laugh. "It will certainly be a mild dissipation."

"No it will not!" Clyde flamed up as Penelope had never seen her before. "It would not be a mild dissipation! I know you could not do it, but I cannot bear to have you suggest that you could dissipate in reading and think it a light thing. It would be a fearful thing. Your mind is your real you. What you raise your hand to

do or your foot to do, or open your mouth to say, is not you except as it truthfully expresses your mind. Your mind, your heart, your soul, whatever all that is, is you. What you think of, desire, dream of, is you. And if you could read anything that would taint this real you, that would change the fountain head so that the stream of your thoughts could be discolored and impure, you would wrong yourself just as wholly, just as horribly as though you permitted your body to interpret this spoiled self to the world and do some wicked thing. We will tarnish too fast at best. It is already too hard to keep the highest ideals, the highest thoughts. We want to make the best and truest thoughts of others our own, and we have no business to read what we know cannot make us better, and read it in a negative way with the groundless expectation that we can swallow it but that we need not assimilate it, and that it will pass from us. We have no business to risk losing anything of our best selves. Though I don't mean any of this about you, Pen. I wouldn't think for a moment you could do what you suggested."

Penelope had been looking at Clyde for some time, at first with a slight smile, then very thoughtfully.

"What a queer girl you are, Clyde," she said finally.

JESSIE WRIGHT WHITCOMB.

EDITORIALS.

All contributions for the January number should be in the hands of the editor as early as December 15.

Some misunderstanding seems to have arisen in regard to the withdrawal of the charter from Phi Chapter. The reason for this measure adopted by the late convention was not because of any delinquency on the part of Phi, but on account of the, then, unfortunate condition of the college where that chapter is situated. We regret, exceedingly, that our Phi sisters have suffered from any misrepresentation, and are glad to learn that their prospects for the future are brighter and more hopeful.

Some murmurs of dissatisfaction have reached us from the other Chapters, owing to the late appearance or the non-appearance of the Convention number of the Journal, which was published in July. The business managers ordered what seemed a sufficient number of the Journals according to the list of subscribers given them, but there must have been an error in the list, as some Chapters have not received their full number. Many have also sent for extra copies since the edition has been exhausted, so we have been unable to accommodate them. The present edition is sufficiently large to accommodate all who desire extra numbers, and alumnae members of the fraternity are cordially invited to place their names on our subscription list.

Inasmuch as sundry persons, of undoubtedly virtuous habits, have objected to the ethics of "Lying as a Fine Art," on the ground of its immorality, we think it only just to affirm that the author of this philosophical production is a person of most precise and prosaic veracity, both in conversation and narrative. We would also state that the amiable divine quoted by "Veritas" has lately been called to Chicago and has become assimilated into citizenship among the pious and modest people of that little hamlet.

"Kappa Alpha Theta has the pretty girls, Kappa Kappa Gamma the students, and Delta Gamma excels in a social way." Thus "Sigma" writes in the *Record*, of the Cornell University sororities. We know that Kappa Alpha Theta girls are "pretty"—we have seen them. We also know that Kappa Kappa Gamma is learned and

scholarly, for we take *The Key*; and who could doubt the social success of Delta Gamma, after having once enjoyed her cordial hospitality? But we are sure that brother "Sigma" must have only *seen* the Kappa Alpha Theta girls from a tantalizing and aggravating distance; for acquaintance with them must have at once revealed the fact that they possess not only the characteristic he attributes to them, but also all the other gifts—social, intellectual and spiritual, which go to make up the ideal expressed by Wordsworth:

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

A new course of instruction in "the study of woman" is to be introduced into the University of Kansas. The course should be made elective. The boys will all take up the study, just the same as if it were made compulsory.—Ex.

Would they? Or would they experience the feelings expressed in the words of two well-known poets:

"O woman! In thy hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please—"
"But seen *too oft*, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the advertisements of firms who have thus kindly patronized the pages of our JOURNAL. Local firms will, of course, derive no benefit except from the custom of members of Lambda, and we trust our Theta sisters will show appreciation of their interest in our success.

The editors beg that all communications on fraternity business be labeled K. A. O. distinctly on the envelopes, that in case of the absence of the person addressed it may be attended to by some one in town, and so delays from forwarding avoided.

All Alumnae wishing to subscribe for the Journal will please send subscriptions at once to Mrs. J. H. Spear. We send this number to all our sisters whose addresses we can obtain, hoping they will take the hint.

If we followed the poetical fashion of the Japanese in naming our seasons after the flowers which grow at the time, we could find no more appropriate name for this than "Golden-rod and Asters." There is a very pretty little legend, if we may call it so, connected with this idea: Once upon a time, when the fairies used to dance in the moonlight, before the noises of our practical age drove them all away, the king of fairyland visited one of the kings of our earth.

Wishing to do him honor, his host showed him all the most beautiful things of his kingdom. He found nothing, however, which surpassed the beauties of fairyland till they showed him a stately, branching elm; then he yielded, and said, "In all fairyland there is nothing so beautiful." So the king whom he was visiting caused a golden elm to be made for him to carry back. And this is the origin of our golden-rod.

Why was our convention like a sunset? Ans.—Because our *Ray* of light came from the west.

"The following, cut from the *Boston Globe* of June 2, is another proof of the need of the work of our American Humane Education Society in our colleges, and of the formation there of Legions of Honor, pledged in the old words of chivalry, 'to protect the defenceless and maintain the right:'

NEW HAVEN, CONN., June 1.—The students of Yale University, 1000 strong, received Barnum & Bailey's great show this morning. The street parade began about 9 o'clock, and arrived at the campus just as the morning recitations were being dismissed. The students, however, were prepared, and two hundred of them had their pockets bulging with torpedoes, purchased from a dealer near the campus, who had laid in a large stock of *extra large ones*. * * *

No sooner had the head of the procession turned the corner than torpedoes were thrown in showers. The horses began to jump, rear and plunge at the bursting of the torpedoes, which was augmented by the frequent discharge of fire-crackers and blowing of horns. The drivers of the first three art chariots handled their horses with coolness, and managed to urge them by the crowd of yelling students. The bands played as hard as possible, and it was not until the players were utterly besieged with the cracking missiles that they ceased playing and hid below the benches.

A woman representing the Goddess of Liberty, riding on top of one of the wagons, was compelled to retire from her position.

It was not until the chariot bearing the jubilee singers came along that any serious consequences seemed apparent. This chariot was drawn by six gray horses, and the first torpedo that struck the flank of the leaders set the horses plunging madly. As the torpedoes came thicker and faster, the whole six were almost instantly engaged in a desperate attempt to bolt onto the sidewalk. * *

The cages containing wild animals came next, and were greeted with a fusillade of torpedoes, which caused them to roar loudly. Lions, tigers, leopards, hyenas, wildcats, and wolves all howled at once, and rushed wildly about the cages regardless of the lashings of their keepers. It was only by the most brutal clubbings that the keepers succeeded in keeping the infuriated animals from attacking them.

When the elephants came along they were made the especial tar-

get for the missiles, which fell upon them in handfuls, and for the second time danger seemed imminent, for the big brutes began to beat the air with their trunks, bellowing their anger, and one became so frightened that it started directly for the crowd. There was a scattering among the students, who rushed into stores and sought safety from the infuriated beasts. The elephant gave no heed to the shouts of his keeper and minded not a whit the hook which was firmly imbedded in his ear; beating the air with his trunk, he stood bellowing on the sidewalk, and refused to move for several minutes.

In the meantime the students had dispersed, and, satisfied that serious results might follow their escapade, ceased to throw torpedoes. There were several instances where lady riders lost their seats, and were only saved from falling to the ground by the care of attendants. Several horses were so badly frightened that they left the procession and dashed wildly down the streets.

Can anything meaner or more contemptible be imagined than the conduct of these two hundred intellectually educated young men, in the presence of eight hundred more of their companions, who did not raise a hand or voice to prevent? If that is the kind of education given at New Haven, God be praised that Lincoln, Grant, and Garfield—noted for their humanity to dumb creatures—were educated in a different school.

But how is it at Harvard University? We saw in the Boston daily papers, a few days since, that a fire in one of the worst holes near Boston had revealed a dog pit, where dog fights were gotten up for the special benefit of Harvard students. And now we find in the papers that the proprietor of two of our largest and best hotels—"Parker's" and "Young's"—has decided that no more large bodies of "Harvard students" will be permitted to dine at either of his hotels.

If this is the kind of men that our foremost universities and colleges are sending out, it is high time for their teachers to drop a few of their Greek roots and mathematical formulæ, and turn their attention to practical plans of converting these college hoodlums and semi-barbarians into good law-abiding and humane citizens.

It may be said that these charges only apply to a portion of the students. I answer: Then for the honor of American education, let all such be promptly expelled, and let no student of good character permit himself to associate or be associated with them. In behalf of the interests which I have the honor to represent, I do most respectfully ask the upwards of eight thousand editors to whom this paper is now monthly sent, to use their influence to impress upon the presidents and professors of our universities and colleges the importance to our country and the world of more humane education. GEO. T.

ANGELL, President of the American Humane Education Society.—
Ex.

The above clipping, with Pres. Angell's somewhat forcible comment, seems to demand a more than passing notice from college papers which represent the general sentiment of our college people.

It is a sadly deplorable, but undeniable fact that "certain sets" in "certain colleges," do, even in this enlightened age, commit crimes and perpetrate outrages against decency, respectability and humanity. It is true, too, as Pres. Angell has said, that these charges apply only to a portion of the students, yet all have to suffer for the guilt, and, in the eyes of the community, bear the reputation of the few.

In justice, it should be said that the general sentiment of college students and professors is to condemn such actions as forcibly and as mercilessly as non-collegiates themselves could desire. But the question is, should the unruly "hoodlums" receive *only* the condemnation and disgust of those who judge them?

Why should they not be treated as other outlaws are treated? The fact of their being college students surely should not entitle them to the privilege of committing crimes for which their unlearned contemporary of the gutter must suffer trial and imprisonment. Rather the reverse. "Corruptio optimi pessima," and the student who has enjoyed every advantage for social, intellectual and moral advancement deserves not less, but infinitely more punishment and condemnation than does the poor wretch who has never heard of "the good, the true and the beautiful."

Neither should numbers make any difference. Might never did—and never can make Right! And the same crime, committed by two hundred people, does not mean that only one two-hundredth part belongs to each one, as some would have us believe.

It is an old and favored tradition that a separate code of laws and morals exists especially for college students, and that young men, during college life, should not be held amenable to the laws and customs of the world at large, but should be left free to enjoy all the privileges allowed by this special code.

This tradition no longer receives the universal respect and homage of American colleges, but the time has come when those in authority must not only be "not with it," but "against it." They must insist that respectable (?) criminals be treated like disreputable criminals, and that the common law be obeyed even by the most uncommon people.

This remedy is the only safe and sure one, and it should be applied to all dangerous and desperate cases like those of Harvard and Yale.

CHAPTER CORRESPONDENCE.

ALPHA.

DE PAUW UNIVERSITY, GREENCASTLE, IND.

Thetas:

Alpha sends her heartiest greetings to you all. Our university has just entered upon what we think will be a most flourishing year. Several additions have been made to the faculty; among these are Dr. Underwood from Syracuse, and Prof. Naylor from the Indiana State University. These take the places of Dr. Jenkins, who was called to Leland Stanford, and Dr. De Motte, who goes on the lecture platform.

We are much pleased with the work of the convention, and the changes made we consider beneficial to the whole fraternity. All the kindness shown to the delegates by the girls of Lambda was highly appreciated by Alpha.

We miss very much our strong senior class of Thetas, of which we were so justly proud, but our Chapter, though weakened somewhat in numbers, has not been in the true Theta spirit.

Our hope is that all the Chapters may have as successful and prosperous a year as we are expecting, and that Theta love and zeal may be as strong as ever it has been.

With best wishes,

ALPHA.

DELTA.

S. W. U., BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

Delta is not dead if she has been sleeping. "We are going to do better this year." Seven in all are we. When school closed in June there were fifteen loyal Thetas in our Chapter. Only seven have returned.

Since school opened we have had no home. But we have been granted the use of a pleasant hall in the college building, just across a hall from our K. K. L. friends. By the time this reaches you, we will have the most pleasant home in our college. Everything is to be new. Every girl is hard at work and happy because of it. There is some good Theta material among the new students. We hope to be able to have it for ours by the next quarter.

Miss Nannie Want, '91, is teaching at her home. Miss Hattie Wasmuth, '91, is spending the year with her parents on the banks of the Mississippi. Miss Mattie Myers, '90, is teaching at Saybrook, Ill. Misses Mary Potter and Mary Wood are in school once more. Miss Cora Wamsley is not with us this year; we hope her health

may soon permit her to join our ranks again. Miss Clara Landon, one of our former sisters, graduates soon at the business college, Springfield, Ill.

One of the pleasantest features of our vacation was a camping trip on which seven Phi Gams and as many Thetas spent a happy week at Senachuvie Lake, on the banks of the Illinois River.

The same party was entertained at the home of Miss Mattie Myers on the eve of Sept. 14.

Best wishes to all Thetas,

PHEBE KERRICK.

EPSILON.

WOOSTER UNIVERSITY, WOOSTER, OHIO.

It seems strange to be writing of the beginning of our year's work, for we have been "begun" so long that it hardly seems possible that we have only completed our second week in college.

Hardly a more interested, enthusiastic, loyal band can be found than are found in Epsilon. Early in the summer the first of the Wooster delegation returned from our fraternity convention one Friday evening and on Saturday evening "the girls" were in with a hearty greeting and many a question about the other "girls." Our year's work began then, and throughout the remainder of the summer regular meetings were held, and as a result we are in a much better position for work, and immediate work, than any previous year has found us. All are interested and in earnest, and with the individual effort and responsibility which that insures, there can be ahead of us only a helpful, successful year.

Of the girls whom we miss so much from last year's ranks, Kate Johnson, '91, is teaching in a seminary at St. Joseph, Mo.; Belle Tevis is teaching in Lima high school. Mary James, '94, has entered Bryn Mawr, and Lysle Reid, '94, is at home, but we hope to have her back next year.

As to numbers, we are almost in the dark, but have bright prospects. We have extended bids to two girls of whom we have known for some time and have received favorable answers from both, so we expect to initiate these with our pledged members from last year very soon. We hope that the interest and life of that delightful convention may permeate the whole fraternity, and reach each individual sister; and with this spirit of progress characterizing us, there can be for our loved fraternity only a year of success.

EPSILON.

KAPPA.

KANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY, LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

The convention number of the KAPPA ALPHA THETA brought with it so much that was newsy and of interest to us that we have imbibed some of its Theta enthusiasm and have gathered again after our summer's vacation, feeling that our fraternity is one to be proud of, and one worthy our best efforts.

Our meetings this term are held once in two weeks; at every other meeting one of the four committees into which the Chapter has been divided furnishes a program for the afternoon—a lecture, musicale, or whatever form of entertainment it may choose. We understand that one or two eastern Chapters have tried this plan with good results and its adoption here promises to be no less successful.

A week after the opening of the University, seventeen of Kappa's members spent the night at Edith Clarke's, and in the morning did full justice to a very tempting breakfast which Miss Clarke's hospitality had provided. This was our first Theta breakfast, but it proved to be such a pleasant one that we resolved it should not be our last. Rilla Van Hoesen, a girl on whom we were proud to pin the colors last December, became a full fledged Theta last June. An initiation always brings with it much fun, but this "swing" was an unusually jolly one, as we had with us some of the "old girls" who were in town for Commencement.

The inter-fraternity pledge, which formerly allowed the new students and the fraternity girls three months to make up their minds in regard to each other, has been shortened—an experiment the outcome of which is uncertain.

Love and best wishes to our sister Chapters for a prosperous year, from
KAPPA.

LAMBDA.

"CAT'S CRADLE," BURLINGTON, VT., Sept. 19, 1891.

Dear Journal:

The U. V. M. has not begun yet, so we have none of the girls back, but we have pleasant meetings Saturday nights of the few who live in town. Tonight there are five of us—three who have been in town most of the summer have gone away to the schools in which they teach. We have sent you a few "personals," and aside from that we have no news to write. We feel so much better acquainted with our sisters from the other Chapters since the Convention that we are anxious to see their letters in your pages. One thing that meeting did for us was to stir us all up and set us on fire with a still

stronger love for our fraternity, and a desire to try, every one of us, to reach the standard of the "Ideal Theta." Whether our part in the work assigned us this winter be much or little, we have resolved to do it with all our strength, not to shirk or say "I can't," but always to try. One pebble on the seashore counts for very little, but take away *each* little pebble and where would the seashore be? This is no new thought, but we need to think it over so thoroughly that we will *act* according to its teachings.

With a fair prospect of a large class of girls in the U. V. M., comes the question, not "whom shall we get?" so much as "which do we want most and which ones shall we leave out?" Having no opposition we can make our own selection and take our time.

Through your pages Lambda desires to send her hearty greetings to all the delegates who visited us in July. We feel for them, not only sisterly love, but a warm friendship. They won not only all of our hearts, but our friends in the city speak with great pleasure of meeting them, and many are the congratulations we have received for having a fraternity composed of such delightful members. We heartily invite you to "come again," and bring your sisters, "one and all." Yours most faithfully in Theta,

LAMBDA.

MU.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PENNA.

Dear Theta Sisters:

We are heartily glad that the editing of our JOURNAL is to be placed in the hands of our loyal Alumnæ, and know that the attempt cannot but be successful if each Chapter works toward that end.

We greatly regret that we could not be represented at the Convention, but we feel that our presence would have been unnecessary, for the action of our sister Chapters meets with our hearty approval.

The year has opened with unusually bright prospects. We numbered the same at our first meeting, called the day college opened, as when we separated in June; one pledged and twelve active members. We are fortunate in having Stella Foote and Alice Crittenden with us again, after an absence of two years. They, with Anna Coder and Julia Edson, make us justly proud of our representation in the senior class.

As a result of the rushing season we wish to introduce to you two girls whom we considered worthy to enter our mystic circle:

Millicent Marguerite Davis and Vena Fenno, both members of the Freshman class and thoroughly good students.

Last week Mu gave an afternoon tea to about a dozen new girls at the home of a resident sister. Two lunch tables were furnished with dainty china and silver, and tiny cups of tea and chocolate with macaroons were served to the guests as they arrived. It was such a pleasant success that we hope to repeat it during the year.

The festivities of our Greek world were opened last week by the Phi Delta Thetas, who gave a reception as pleasant as it was informal.

We are anticipating the pleasure of a visit from Sister Florence Larrabee of Chi within a few weeks.

Yours in Kappa Alpha Theta,

Mu.

TAU.

EVANSTON, ILL., Sept. 30, '91.

Our Dear Sisters:

We started out this year without six of our old girls. Lina Kennedy and Marguerite Muloane graduated with '91, and for various good reasons Nettie Jennings, Nellie Stephens, Edith Cruver and Eva Lee were not with us. It seemed very hard at first, but we had five pledged girls to initiate, and soon won the hearts of six others, four freshmen and two senior preparatory girls, who will help perpetuate K. A. O. at Northwestern, and who already are very dear to us.

We introduced our new girls to our college friends at a very pleasant party Sept. 25, given by Edith Cruver, ex. '94, at her home in Chicago. Dancing was the principal feature of the evening and those who did not participate in that amusement were entertained by Mr. Cruver, who is an excellent amateur magician. But our merriment was soon changed to grief by the sorrow of one of our number. Jennie Meredith was called very suddenly to her home at Oak Park, on account of the illness of her father who had passed away before she reached home. We feel that her sorrow is in a great measure ours, and though there is so little we can do, she knows of the intense sympathy of her sisters and it may be a comfort to her. She cannot be with us until after Christmas, and Tau will miss her sorely.

We feel very proud to think we have passed the worst of the rushing season without a single spread, without spending any money and very little time in rushing, and have six of the loveliest girls in

college. It is a consummation we have long desired. With greetings
and love for sister Chapters,

TAU.
Edith M. Garton, Cor. Sec.

PSI.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, MADISON, WIS.

Dear Theta Sisters:

We sometimes wonder if in all this wide world can be found a more beautiful spot than this, the seat of our noble University. To us there is no place like Madison, and we doubt not our fraternity adds a very great deal toward making our college life and surroundings bright and attractive.

On Sept. 7, we found ourselves back at the Lodge and such a happy "home-coming" as it was. During the vacation each and every room had been beautifully papered and newly furnished, and with exclamations of delight did we gaze on the completed arrangements.

We shall not attempt a description of the various rooms for in so doing we should empty "Old Webster." We are all so enthusiastic, and adjectives seem to fail us.

Madam King, mother of Prof. King of the University, welcomed us on our return, and we feel sure she well understands her duties as chaperon.

We are very fortunate this year in having as a near neighbor Mrs. Prof. Smith, formerly of Iota Chapter. She has already won our hearts, and Psi will try very hard to merit her praise in all its doings. Her house is ever thrown open to us, and promises to be a place of never-ending enjoyment. But we also acknowledge our loss of Mrs. Prof. Marx, who cheered us many a time last year. We sincerely trust that much happiness may be hers in her new home on the Pacific shore.

The first week of the term was gay with society events. Mrs. Kellogg, the mother of one of our girls, delightfully entertained us at tea, with cards in the evening; while Mrs. Clarence Kellogg gave us an afternoon drive which will long be remembered. Mollie Fox, one of our pledged girls gave a theatre party in our honor, and thus the week passed. We wish here to introduce another pledgeling, Julie Harris, of Reedsburg.

Our letter would not be complete without mentioning in brief some of the happenings of last spring term. Psi's birthday was duly celebrated on May 29, and we were honored in having with us nine of our Evanston sisters, and Hattibel Merrill, one of our Alumni. The banquet was a great success. The early part of the evening, before the appointed hour, was spent in a steamboat

ride around the lake, given by two of our Phi Psi friends. Our sisters of Tau remained with us to attend the ball game between our boys and theirs. A very happy afternoon had a most tragic ending. On returning from the game, the horses attached to one of the carriages took fright and ran away, and Bessie Pinney, only child of Judge Pinney, was killed. Though not a University girl, she was a great friend of K. A. O., and was with us as our guest.

We were honored at commencement time in having Winifred Sercombe deliver the "Rock Speech" on Class Day.

In closing, we wish to acknowledge the great honor the Convention conferred upon us in making Miss Sercombe, our delegate, President of the Grand Council of K. A. O.

With Theta love,

Psi.

OMEGA.

UNIVERSITY OF CAL., BERKELEY, CAL.

One of the great disadvantages under which a young country labors is a lack of picturesque and romantic interest, because it has no ruins. The Chapter too young to have a goodly list of alumnae is in a similar position, and it must suffer sadly in dignity and influence, by comparison with its older sisters. The worldly wise of such pledgeling Chapters will provide itself with a few ready-made ruins, as it were, by adding some graduates to its membership at the beginning of its existence, thereby gaining a certain weight and solidity otherwise unattainable to its youth. Omega counts herself among the wise virgins in this respect, and so it happens that although as yet she has known but two bright summers, and one still brighter winter of Theta life, she can proudly point to a solid background of three retired classes, against which stand out in bold relief the noble outlines of six picturesque and historical ruins.

But here let this figure cease, for in relation to the life and work of the Chapter and of the fraternity, Omega's alumnae do not by any means regard themselves in the light of ruins, nor, I am sure, do their sisters so regard them. Their love for the society and their interest in its success are just as strong as when they first pledged themselves to Theta's service. Other work has called most of them away from the pleasant circle of college life to the outside world, but they are always ready, so far as they are able, to join in the work or pleasure of the Chapter. They can share in the meetings in rushing, or in any other business of the fraternity, and yet keep their proper place as alumnae, I am sure. They are the negative, rather than the positive elements, but no less in real and vital con-

nection with the whole. We are too young to have very much history, and our alumnae have claimed no startling achievements as yet. They have chosen fields of work which are not usually productive of much excitement anyway, as no one has become anything more novel than a schoolma'am. But they are staunch and loyal Thetas yet, and though time may change the circumstances of their relation to the fraternity, we may confidently hope that nothing will change this spirit.

OMEGA.

PERSONALS.

ALPHA.

Miss Kate Barr Staley is traveling in Europe.

Miss Sarah Levi, one of the art teachers of last year and an honorary member of K. A. Q., was married this summer.

Miss Louise Romel occupies a position in the Michigan City high schools.

Miss Bertha Darnall, one of our '91 girls, is teaching in the high school in Muncie.

Miss Addie Priest holds a place in the Greencastle High School.

Miss Mina Fallas has returned from her studies in Germany and has taken a position in Cornell University, Iowa.

Miss Lenore Alleman, class of '91, is principal of the schools in Waterloo, Ind.

Miss Maud Fulkerson is still at her work in Germany.

Miss Sevilla Cleveland of '89 was married in June to Dr. Will Axtell, also a member of '89.

Miss Vernie Weaver expects to spend the winter in Manitou, Col.

LAMBDA.

Miss Phœbe L. Marsh, '91, is principal of the high school in Shelburne, Vt.

Miss Gertrude Conant, '90, is teaching at Mrs. Lane's, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Grace L. Wright, '90, is at home for the present on account of ill health. She intends to return to Northampton, Mass., in February, where her position is being held for her—a compliment to her ability for the work which is well deserved.

Miss Belle Bennett, '91, has a position at Chateaugay Lake.

Miss M. P. Skinner '91, is teaching in the high school at Bristol, Conn.

EPSILON.

Miss Correll and Jennie Flattesy, while spending a part of the vacation at Chautauqua, met a number of cordial Theta friends.

Jennie Connell, '90, returns to her work in a private school at Yonkers, N. Y.

Helen Jeffries, Jennie Flattesy, and Nellie Woodworth are teaching in the Wooster high school.

Arletta Warren, '89, goes to Bryn Mawr for post graduate work.

Mary James, '94, enters the sophomore class at Bryn Mawr.

We rejoice with Mrs. Mateer in the arrival of a daughter in her home a few weeks ago. The young lady is sure to make a good Theta.

Bertha Brown '90, who had been teaching violin in Wisconsin, is home again for the winter. We are more than glad to have her for another year.

Epsilon is fortunate in having this year one of Delta's members, Edna Downey of Wenona, Ill., and while we are sorry for the Chapter that loses her, we have a place that needs her and are glad to come in touch in this way with another Chapter.

The Ladies' Quartette gave a concert at Perrysville, Aug. 11, and were delightfully entertained by their sister, Janet Ilwick, '88. Janet goes to Chicago for the winter to continue the study of music.

Alice Brown, '89, has gone back to her place in the high school of Corea, Pa.

Ella Shields, '90, has returned to her teaching in Penn.

Alice Leas, '90, is visiting in Columbus, O.

Harriett Funck, '91, will spend the year at her home in Wooster. We are thus fortunate in having two girls of '91 with us.

Two of our alumnae have lately gone into their own homes. Miss Helen Watterson, '83, and recently a prominent editor of the *New York Sun*, was married to Mr. W. S. Moody, a well known journalist, and is to make her home in New York City. Miss Jennie Wycoff, '83, was married Aug. 11, to Rev. J. E. Cummings and goes to a home in Iowa. The hearty good wishes of Epsilon follow them.

—MOODY—WATTERSON.—Miss Helen Watterson, oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Watterson, of No. 593 Scovill Avenue, was married to Mr. Winfield S. Moody, a well-known journalist of New York, yesterday afternoon, at the residence of the bride's parents. It was a quiet, tasteful home wedding, only a few near relatives of the two families being present. The ceremony was performed by Rev. P. E. Kipp, pastor of the Cass Avenue Presbyterian Church, and took place at 3 p. m. The bride wore a trained robe of cream-white crepe and delicate lace and carried a white feather fan. A dinner was served after the marriage ceremony, and the newly wedded couple left on the 6 o'clock train for the East. They will spend their honeymoon among the Catskill Mountains, occupying the cottage of Mark Twain. Their future home is to be in New York

City. Mrs. Moody has been until recently a prominent newspaper writer in New York City.—*Cleveland Leader*, Sept. 17.

Miss Watterson graduated from the University with the class of '83, and taught English Literature and Latin in the Academic Department for four years and resigned two years ago to accept a position on the *New York Sun*. Her many friends in Wooster send their congratulations.—*Wooster Voice*.

MU.

Miss Ida Henderson, '81, formerly associate editor of the *Chautauquan*, is now in Paris.

Miss Harriett Reitze, '87, has resumed her special course of study at Bryn Mawr.

Miss Lillian Fradenburg, '88, visited her "sorores in urbe" and the new Fraternity Hall shortly before college opened. She was en route to Wahpeton, North Dakota, where she will teach modern languages in the Red River Valley University, of which her father is President.

Mrs. Ellen Bell, nee' Chesbro, '90, is in Omaha, Nebraska, where her husband has accepted the chair of science in Bellevue College, and where she will teach French and German.

Miss Henrietta Miller, ex. '90, is teaching in the high school at Warren, Penn.

Clara Howard and Basha Thrasher, ex. '93, are teaching in the graded schools of Chardon, O.

Harriett Kellogg, ex. '93, is in Chicago, pursuing a special course in music and elocution.

Miss Georgia Grant, ex. '93, was united in marriage to Rev. — Chester in June. They reside in Buffalo, N. Y.

TAU.

Jessie Phillips, Lois Rice, Lily Rice, Grace Reed and Mabel Welton, all of '95, were initiated Sept. 19.

Anna Adams, ex. '89, is teaching French and Latin in the Ann Arbor high school.

Mae Earle, '88, is assistant in the Dixon high school.

Eva Hall, '90, is teaching at River Forest.

Mabelle Little, nee' Thatcher, '88, Eva Hall, '90, and Edith Cruver, ex. '94, visited Tau the first week of college.

Marguerite Muloane, '91, is studying music and art at her home in Topeka, Kan.

Ethelyn Emery, Anna Von Tressler and Mae Wilcox made the acquaintance of the Theta goat Sept. 21.

Lina Kennedy, '91, and Minnie Church, ex. '92, are to be with us over Sunday, soon.

Eva Lee, ex. '94, is teaching music at her home in Fremont, Neb.

Belle Currie, '96, and Grace Dietrich, '96, wear the black and gold.

Flo Thomas is studying vocal music in Chicago.

PSI.

Winifred Sercombe and Norma Lawrence, '91, visited us the first week of the term.

Laura Baxter, '92, and Genevieve Pugh, '93, have gone to Wellesley College.

Elinor Leith, '91, is teaching in Eau Claire.

Grace Johnson, '91, will spend the coming year at St. Louis, and will continue her studies in architecture. She is with her sister, whose husband is Supt. of the famous Shaw Gardens.

Dollie Radford, '94, of Oskosh, will not return to school.

Miss Pauline Shepherd, of Iota Chapter, is teaching in Madison.

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT

—AND—

STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Instruction is given in the University in four Departments, viz:

The Department of Liberal Arts,

The Department of Applied Science,

The Department of Agriculture,

The Department of Medicine.

The first of these comprises the usual College Course in Languages, Mathematics, Physical Sciences, Mental, Moral, and Political Philosophy, Rhetoric, Literature and History. This course is partly required and partly elective.

The second is subdivided into courses in Chemistry, Civil, Electrical and Sanitary Engineering, and Mechanic Arts.

The course in Medicine embraces the subjects usually taught in American Medical Colleges.

The University has a military Department which is under the charge of a United States officer, a graduate of West Point.

Candidates will be admitted to the Collegiate Department without examination if they bring certificates from reputable Preparatory Schools, whose courses of study fully meet the requirements for admission, but students so admitted are on probation during the first term.

All the courses in the Undergraduate Departments—not the Medical—are open to young women upon the same conditions as to young men. The young women are required to room and board in private families approved by the Faculty.

A number of scholarships, cancelling tuition, have been established for the benefit of young men and young women of limited means.

The University enjoys unusual facilities for securing employment for students in the Industrial Departments both during the courses and after their completion.

The "Billings Library" contains the University library and special collections aggregating 40,000 volumes. The Reading-room is supplied with the leading Scientific and Literary journals, American and European.

The Laboratory affords the amplest facilities for analytical work. Medical students or persons who intend to engage in Pharmacy, may take a special Laboratory course.

Persons of suitable age and attainments may, by special permission of the Faculty, and the payment of a specified fee, pursue certain studies in connection with the regular college classes without becoming matriculated members of the University. The classes which are open to students, with the condition of admission, will be made known on application to the President.